

Nash
Highlyte

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Golf's biggest money winner, Lloyd Mangrum (with towel around his neck), and international star Bobby Locke (in knickers), the South African par-buster, attract a huge gallery during the All-American Open at Chicago's Tam O'Shanter Country Club. (See story beginning on page 4 and cover.)

who's



who

Flashing his famous victory grin, Lloyd Mangrum jubilantly holds high one of the many prizes he has won.



"Money Man" Mangrum

by MARSHALL DANN

Golf Authority, The Detroit Free Press

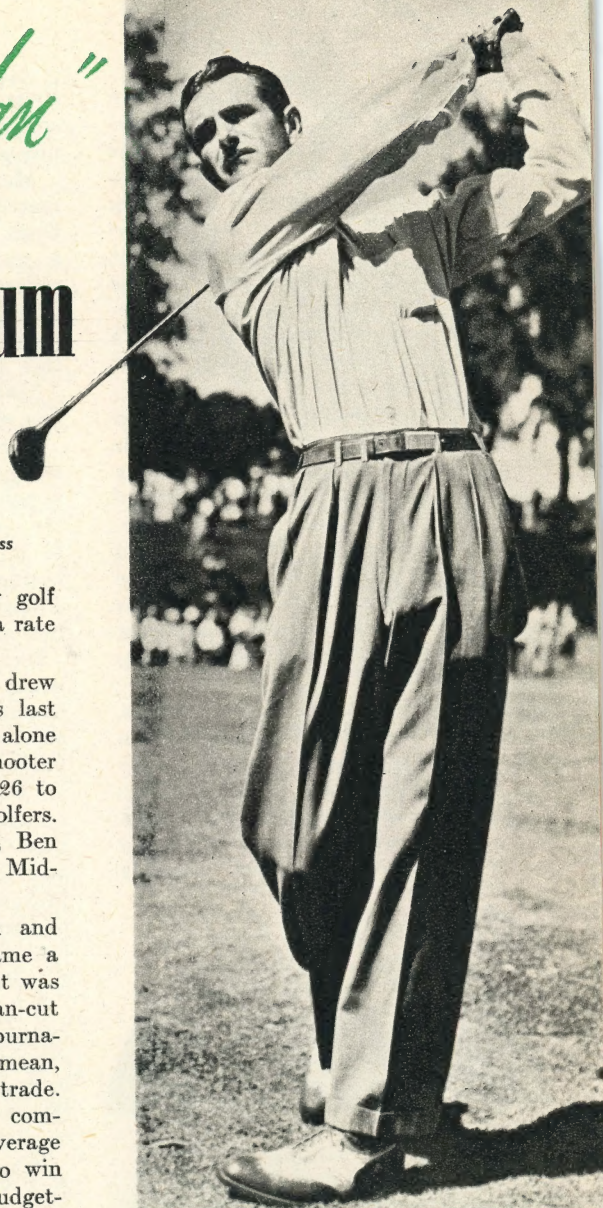
How would you like to play golf for a living—and get paid at a rate of \$3.58 a stroke?

That's what Lloyd Mangrum drew from the tournament cashiers last year. In tournament play alone since 1946, the dapper sharp-shooter has collected a neat \$132,641.26 to lead the nation's professional golfers. Trailing him are Sam Snead, Ben Hogan, Jimmy Demaret, Cary Middlecoff and Jim Ferrier.

But Lloyd served a stern and cruel apprenticeship. He became a golfing "gypsy" in 1937 and it was not until 1940 that the clean-cut Texan scored his first major tournament triumph. But in those mean, lean years, Lloyd perfected his trade. Last year he turned in 104 competitive rounds of golf at an average of 70.05 strokes per round to win the Vardon Trophy and a budget-balancing \$26,088.83.

An ex-GI, Lloyd once wore four battle stars and two Purple Hearts,

(continued on page 6)



Mangrum's game is a near-perfect blending of power and precision. He tops it off with a putting wizardry second to none.

(continued from page 5)

the latter for twice having been wounded while scouting for a reconnaissance unit in Europe. But the bullets didn't come as close to threatening his career as did a jeep accident that injured his arm so severely it was thought he might never play golf again. It is to those war-time injuries that Lloyd attributes his staunch nerves. He says: "I just don't seem to worry about things any more."

Golfers usually win recognition for one of two reasons: Their style or their titles. Mangrum will be long remembered for both. He is one of the game's stylists, a smooth performer noted for crisp irons and precision putting. And he bears the stamp of champion, for among his 33 major victories is a National Open crown, biggest championship of all.

Along with all these qualifications, Mangrum probably comes close to fitting Hollywood's version of what a pro golfer should look like. With his deep tan, pleasant Texas drawl, jaunty mustache, dapper dress and an ever-present cigaret dangling

from his lips, this slender six-footer somewhat resembles a swashbuckling movie hero.

Mangrum has the coolness to match. For instance, in the St. Paul Open last summer he came through a really tight spot. An unknown caller—a crook or a crank—awoke Mangrum in his hotel room the night before the final round with this telephoned threat:

"Don't win the St. Paul Open or you won't get out alive."

Mangrum was in first place, so a strange new pressure fell upon him. A police guard escorted him around the course throughout the last day. If it was gamblers, they meant business. So did Lloyd. He coolly stroked his way to the St. Paul title and calmly headed on his way.

Incidentally, the overseas trip in khaki launched Mangrum on an international career. In 1945 he won an Army tournament at St. Cloud, France, and a GI championship at Biarritz, France. As a civilian he added titles in the 1946 Argentina Open, 1951 Philippines Open, and late this spring in the 1952 Mexican Open. He also has played on three U.S. Ryder Cup teams and won all his single matches against the British.

But even better than being a star internationalist is being a world champion. That's what Mangrum became in 1948 when he celebrated the most financially rewarding week ever enjoyed by a pro golfer.

It was at George May's gold-lined Tam O'Shanter show in Chicago,

Nash Owner Mangrum slips behind the wheel of his Ambassador . . . a car that matches his top style and performance.



and Lloyd was playing over his home course. He first won the All-American Open Preliminary to pick up \$5,000 and then added the \$10,000 World Championship. On top of this there was a \$5,000 personal bonus from Boss May, another \$2,500 for twice breaking the course record, and for an extra flourish, the \$100 door prize—\$22,600 for the week's work!

Mangrum's current tie-up with May is unique in sports. No longer does he represent Tam O'Shanter, but instead is listed as playing pro for the George S. May Co. The engineering firm utilizes his personality in sales and promotion matters and a bonus from May follows each victory. The 37-year-old Mangrum is on as sound a financial footing as any present-day athlete in any branch of sports.

The way he got his name engraved on the big cup handed each year to the National Open champion is a Cinderella story from start to finish.

When the stars gathered at Cleveland's Canterbury layout in 1946, Lloyd was fresh from his Army stay on battlefields and in hospitals. He had played in only a handful of tournaments since 1942, and a score of others rated above him. Yet he came through in one of the most drawnout and dramatic of all Opens.

The regulation 72 holes found Mangrum knotted in a three-way tie with Byron Nelson and Vic Ghezzi. The first 18-hole playoff solved nothing, all three carding 72s. So they went around again, with Mangrum barely saving himself several times—once with a 75-foot putt. But he began to fall behind



The nerve-wracking strain of a three-way, 36-hole play-off shows on Mangrum's face as his wife cheers his Open victory.

as they went into the last six holes.

Then came a crashing thunder storm. The flashing skies and rolling thunder may have reminded him of those awful days of combat that were not so far behind him. Somehow, the storm seemed to break his tenseness. Against the brilliant Nelson and the capable Ghezzi, Lloyd began to turn on the pressure. He finally pulled even—and then he had it, by a single stroke.

He was National Open Champion—the name of Lloyd Mangrum would go down forever in the annals of the great game of golf.

By the dawn's

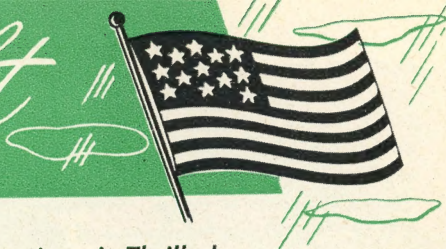
by JAMES L. CREASY



Monument depicts Key's return from ship in harbor where he was held by British.



early light



Every Patriotic American is Thrilled by Francis Scott Key's "Sunrise Song"

One hundred and thirty-eight years ago, a momentous page was written in the history of the United States of America. At about seven o'clock on the morning of September 14, 1814, the British, outmaneuvered, outfought and discouraged with the progress of their invasion of the United States, ceased firing on Fort McHenry and began to withdraw their warships from Baltimore Harbor after 25 hours of steady bombardment.

On that same morning, soon after the break of dawn, a young patriot named Francis Scott Key caught a glimpse of his country's flag still bravely flying over the beleaguered Fort and hurriedly wrote the first lines of "The Star-Spangled Banner" on an envelope.

Key had witnessed the bombardment of Fort McHenry from a ship about three miles out in the harbor where he and his companions were detained by British marines. Armed with a letter from President Madison, Key had gone to the British to ask for the release of his friend, Dr. William Beanes, who had been taken into custody by the British because he arrested three army stragglers for disturbing the peace following the assault on Washington three weeks earlier.

The British commander had agreed to release Dr. Beanes but refused to permit any of the Americans to return to land until the action against Fort McHenry was carried out. The Americans were placed on

(continued on page 10)

Aerial view of Fort McHenry, inspiration for Key's poem, Star-Spangled Banner.



(continued from page 9)

their own ship and it was from that point that Key watched with grave misgivings the dramatic battle that was to shape the course of world events for years to come.

Key realized the seriousness of the situation. Fort McHenry was the last eastern military stronghold defending his country. Washington had already been captured and burned. A strong contingent of British Regulars had defeated the Americans at North Point and was poised to strike the main defenses of Baltimore if the action against the Fort was successful.

Early on the morning of the 14th, a furious but futile battle had been waged against the rear defenses of Fort McHenry. Key knew that his country would quickly fall into the hands of the enemy if the Fort fell, and it is easy to understand the climactic inspiration that gave birth

to his writing "The Star-Spangled Banner" when he saw the flag still flying over the Fort.

Francis Scott Key, a native of Frederick County, Md., was born August 1, 1779. When Key was nine years of age, General George Washington took the oath of office and became the first President of the United States. Previous to that historic event, Key's Grandfather Ross had entertained Washington in his home and his father had marched to Boston with the famous leader at the outbreak of the Revolutionary War. These exciting family experiences had given Key a rich appreciation of the traditions of his country and inspired him to write the song which more than a century later, March 3, 1931, was officially designated the national anthem by an Act of Congress.

Key was a lawyer by profession and continued to serve his country throughout his life. He died on January 11, 1843, while visiting his eldest daughter in Baltimore and is buried in Mount Olivet Cemetery, Frederick, Md.

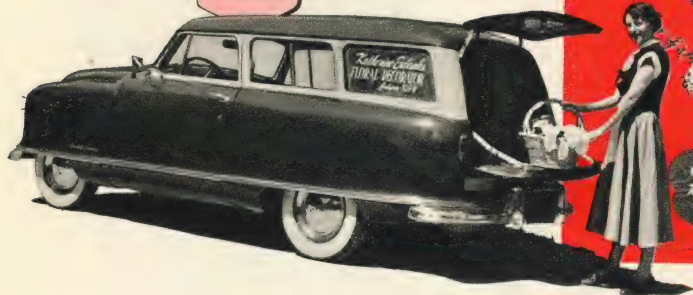
Mary Young Pickersgill made the 30 x 42 foot flag of Fort McHenry fame. The tattered remains of the original Star-Spangled Banner may be seen in the United States National Museum in Washington.

"The Star-Spangled Banner" is a song of inspiration and hope. It is a sunrise song that thrills the heart of every patriotic American and shall live forever as a symbol of liberty and freedom.

*Day and night, Old Glory waves over
grave of Key in Frederick, Md., cemetery.*



who's **AMONG Nash OWNERS** who



FROM AMATEUR TO PROFESSIONAL

When Mrs. Katherine Eubanks visited the Pavilion of Flowers at the 1939 San Francisco World's Fair, she was completely intrigued with the flower arrangements. She had been an ardent gardener for years, but she recalls, "I couldn't make my cut flowers look like theirs."

About that time a class in flower arrangements was offered to adults by the junior college in Santa Rosa, Calif., where she then was living. And Mrs. Eubanks was one of the first to enroll.

Later she moved to Larkspur, Calif., where she enrolled in classes at the high school. Invited to exhibit in a flower show, she won several awards. She continued to study, and one Christmas her family gave her tuition to a flower arrangement and designing school.

Mrs. Eubanks became a professional when she sold some of her creations to a florist.

"My fun was over," she says. "But not for long. I went back to the florist who had bought my arrangements and asked for a job."

She was hired, and as she puts it, "I was in my glory with a new field to explore." Encouraged by her family and friends, Mrs. Eubanks decided to start a small decorating business, working from her home.

"One of my first customers was the Nash dealer in San Rafael. Each week I would load my car with flowers and foliages and decorate the show rooms. Seeing the Nash Rambler Station Wagon there each time was a temptation. I knew it was just what I needed. It was low, therefore easy to load and unload; small and light, therefore easy to pack and handle.

"I wasn't wrong, for now I'm the happy owner of a Rambler."

Finally Mrs. Eubanks' business outgrew her home. So a year ago she opened her own florist shop.

"The hours are early and long," she says, "but I love every minute of it. And as long as my husband and 18-year-old son are tolerant with me and overlook the lack of routine, I expect to be in business for a long time."



Smoke-Jumpers

ARE
RUGGED!

by ROBERT H. FORBES

Smoke-jumpers, with 27-foot standard slotted parachute, descend to forest fire.

Out in the Cascade and Rocky mountains, several hundred young men are now going through a routine of training that would send many a highly touted college athlete straight to bed. No matter what kind of work these Forest Service smoke-jumper candidates may have been doing, the chances are 100 to 1 that muscles invaluable to parachuting and hard work fighting forest fires were neglected.

"Intensive training is an essential part of our work each summer, even for old hands with a 'chute,'" says Earl Cooley, smoke-jumper foreman at Missoula, Mont.

Then, too, each summer there is a new crop of fellows to get in shape and teach the fine points of their hazardous calling. So training grounds have been set up at four smoke-jumper bases in the West—near Cave Junction, Ore.; Winthrop, Wash.; McCall, Idaho; and Missoula, Mont.—for use when the smoke-jumpers flock in.

Its most important feature is an overgrown playground full of body-building aids—an eight-foot wall, such as city firemen scale in practice sessions; overhead ladders, along which trainees "run" with their hands; a set of hurdles and a group of tires on the ground so that men can run through them, zig-zagging alternate feet in the centers of widely spaced tires.

Particularly tough among these peppers-up for lazy muscles are two V-shaped troughs 10 feet long—one laid like the peak of a roof and the

other as if to carry a stream of water. These take a lot of cat-like agility to run over at full steam.

More stimulation is provided on a few-mile cross-country run over fallen trees, creeks, steep river banks and freshly plowed ground. At some training grounds, the run ends in an eight-foot leap from a high ramp.

Training for smoke-jumpers unfortunate enough to get "hung up" in trees is gained on a wire stretched 35 feet in the air. Boys practice letting themselves down from this with hitches of rope over their arms and bodies. A jumper's bulky clothing prevents hand-over-hand methods.

A tower and safety net give trainees lessons in how it feels to step out of an airplane into thin air

(continued on page 14)



High collar, football helmet, face mask, leg braces complete jumpers' uniform.



Hand-over-hand rope climb is part of the ground phase of the toughening course.



Smoke-jumper digs trench (fire line) and quashes the flames with excavated dirt.



"Torture racks" strengthen leg and stomach muscles of smoke-jumper trainees.

and get the tug of an opening parachute. A net of rubberized rope into which they jump gives practice in taking spills gracefully.

"Torture racks" strengthen leg and stomach muscles. Teams of smoke-jumpers play baseball, basketball, volley ball and other games all summer long.

All of this exertion, packed into a few weeks by so many boys, pays off in better and cheaper forest protection in the mountainous back country. Al Spaulding, Forest Service fire chief at Missoula, estimates, "Practically all of the lightning-set forest fires starting hereabouts have been controlled by jumpers before they reached 10 acres in size."

He also points to the great financial saving to taxpayers brought about by parachuting fire-fighters. "It used to be necessary to send out a good-sized expedition to battle fires starting far from a road," Spaulding says.

"There were tents, tools, rations and many other supplies to be packed for miles on the backs of from a dozen to half a hundred horses and mules. We used to recruit every man possible, too, so the expenses on a large fire often ran into hundreds of thousands of dollars.

"Using smoke-jumpers, the total area burned has been greatly reduced and costs cut as low as \$1,000 per fire."

HAVE FUN IN THE SUN; But Use Common Sense

This is the time of year when America almost overnight becomes practically a nation of sun worshippers. From coast to coast and border to border, thousands throughout the summer will offer their bodies to the warming touch of the sun. For there's nothing like a full day in fresh air and sunshine.

But remember—over-exposure to Mr. Sun is a grave mistake . . . a mistake that results in blistering burn, general misery, time lost from a job or ruined vacation days . . . a mistake that can result in damaged complexions and possible skin cancer if damaging over-exposure is repeated over a prolonged period.

There is no quick, easy road to a lasting, healthy tan. The fast way is the painful way, the dangerous way, and really does not give a good even tan. Too much exposure to the sun, without protection, is dangerous.

It's fun in the sun with safety,



however, for those who use common sense . . . plus a reliable suntan lotion to prevent a burn.

Preparations today have been so improved that they actually shut out most of the burning rays, yet allow most of the healthful tanning rays to come through, a perfect balance for those of you who want protection plus a glamorous tan.

For a season of summertime pleasure, keep in mind these simple suggestions:

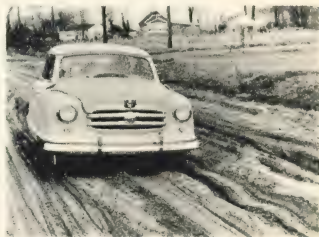
1. Apply suntan lotion evenly and all over before exposure. Make sure there is a protective film over the entire area of your skin.
2. Take special care of the most exposed parts of your body . . . forehead, cheekbones, nose, chin, shoulders and backs of knees.
3. Reapply suntan lotion after swim. Apply it periodically if you perspire heavily.
4. Watch your timing. Take it easy. Watch out for overlong exposure, especially the first few times. No one can tan in one day.
5. Use a lip pomade. This will help relieve your lips of fever sores, chapping and cracking resultant of exposure to the sun.
6. Use sun glasses. The sun can seriously damage delicate eye tissue, can make eyes red and unattractive. Minimize these dangers with sun glasses.

They bought it as a "Second" Car
now they rate it *first!*



*Yes, among two-car families
owning Ramblers, 4 out of
5 take the Rambler!*

In a recent survey, 80% of two-car families owning Ramblers said they preferred the Rambler over the bigger, more expensive other car — rated the Rambler tops in performance — in handling ease — in economy and satisfaction!



Test-drive the Rambler on the roughest road you can find — see how Airflex suspension gives you big-car riding comfort!

"We knew, when we introduced the Nash Rambler, that it would delight many thousands of car-wise owners—by its smart, swift styling, its "jack-rabbit" performance, its almost incredible ease of handling and parking—and, of course, by its up-to-30-miles-a-gallon economy, at average highway speed.

We knew no one could believe—before trying a ride—that a car with this compact wheelbase could give such big-car riding comfort on rough road or smooth.

We knew that so much "extra" custom equipment, such as radio and Weather Eye Conditioned Air System, included in the price—would appeal to *everyone's* sense of value.

But frankly, even we were surprised at the amazing reception the Rambler got—and is still getting, as more and more folks discover the wonderful thrill of owning and driving America's smartest economy car! (Especially the re-

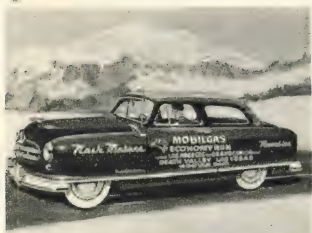
action of Rambler-owning two-car families, who overwhelmingly prefer driving the Rambler instead of their bigger, more expensive car!)

Your Nash Dealer is showing five new Rambler models. Be sure to see the glamorous "Country Club" Hardtop Convertible, and the versatile and vivacious Station Wagon. Make a date with him right now, for a demonstration of *your* favorite Rambler!



THE AMBASSADOR • THE STATESMAN
THE RAMBLER

The finest of our fifty years



11.05 miles per gallon! That's the amazing record set by a Rambler with overdrive in the Mobilgas Economy Run.



Feel like relaxing? Touch a lever—the Rambler's new Reclining Seat (Optional) adjusts to four restful positions!



Two cars in one! It's a stunningly styled family sedan—drop tailgate, Rambler Station Wagon is a heavy hauler!



1



2



5

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ The Old

The old covered bridge, weather-beaten symbol of a picturesque era now past, can still be seen throughout the countryside. Some of these bridges have lasted well over a century. On August 28-30, in Philippi, W. Va., a big celebration will mark the 100th birthday of the historic covered bridge (1) that spans the Tygart's Valley River. Built in 1852, it is the largest two-lane covered bridge in the United States and the only one carrying a Federal highway. Ohio, Pennsylvania and Oregon lead the nation in the number of covered bridges still in use. But Massachusetts is taking steps to repair or build new covered bridges such as Charlemont bridge (2), the first covered bridge built in Massachusetts in over half a century. Other New England



7



8



Covered Bridge

covered bridges include this Town Lattice-type bridge (3) at Arlington, Vt. In Bath, N. H., this 120-year-old span is still going strong. Comstock's Bridge (4) now stands in a public reservation near East Hampton, Conn. And here's a farm bridge (5) at Wilmington, Vt., used to get cows to pasture. The only flat-top covered bridge standing in New England is this one (6) at Dover, N. H. At Morgan, Vt., this bridge (7) is 1,450 feet above sea level. Popular with photographers is this private farm bridge (8) at Marshfield, Vt. This span (9) at Brattleboro, Vt., is being moved to Old Sturbridge Village in Massachusetts. In grandfather's day, covered bridges such as this one (10) near Rutland, Vt., were called "Kissin' Bridges."



New Hampshire Craftsman's ★ Fair ★

by NYLEEN MORRISON

**19th Annual Event
Set for August 5-9**

Summer in New England . . . what does it mean to the vacationer or tourist beyond a visit to the past or the chance to feast one's eyes upon blue ocean or dark green, inviting hillsides?

It can mean many things, the choice of a dozen or so musical festivals, some conferences on your favorite branch of the arts or sciences on summer-blooming campuses. To many, it means the annual Craftsman's Fair of the League of New Hampshire Arts and Crafts.



The 19th annual Fair will be held this year August 5-9 at the Belknap Recreation Area at Gilford, in the heart of the New Hampshire lake district in the foothills of the White Mountains.

Here handcraft people from all over the state will gather to demonstrate their methods and to sell the pottery and silver, the hooked and braided rugs, the handwoven fabrics and handcarved wooden bowls on which they have been working throughout the winter.

Fifteen hundred craftsmen who consign through League channels, climax their year's activities at the Fair, which has become an increasingly important event in the 20 years of the League's existence.

Twenty thousand persons from every state in the Union, and even from abroad, visit the colorful event annually.

Everybody loves the Fair, since the craftsmen who ply their looms, hammer iron and work their potter's wheels, are flavorful folk.

Last year the state-sponsored, non-profit League did a \$100,000 business. Around \$18,000 of this business is done at the Fair, where the craftspeople set their own prices and receive all but one-fourth of the proceeds. This quarter return

is the League's commission for handling and marketing.

League consignors come from all walks of life, all kinds of backgrounds. Some are farming people, who whittle and knit through long winter evenings. Some are retired people, many of whom come to the state to live, there to find a new richness to life through the League program. Some are well-known artists who have chosen deliberately to live in New Hampshire because of its hospitality to craftspeople.

The League was established in 1932 during the administration of the late Ambassador John G. Winant, then governor. It is the brain-child of Mrs. J. Randolph Coolidge of Center Sandwich, a cousin of the Boston and Vermont Coolidges. Mrs. Coolidge for many years fostered a crafts outlet in her native town. Governor Winant

(continued on page 22)

Mrs. Luzina Hall, 76, shows grandson, George, how she weaves rugs and fabrics.



A carver puts the finishing touches on a life-size wooden cocker spaniel form.



heard of its benefits for the townspeople and developed the plan on a state-wide basis.

The League now is a non-profit, state-authorized organization, with a small paid staff, countless volunteer helpers, a contributing membership, and, of course, its craftsmen, who are the chief beneficiaries of the program. The program includes classes in several centers where craftsmen may learn to perfect their techniques and develop originality; 13 home industries shops where goods are sold; and the climax of the year, The Craftsman's Fair.

The Fair is easy of access. It may be reached by Route 3, central artery through the state toward the White Mountains, leaving the high-

way on Route 11 at Laconia; one may also reach it by Route 28 out of Boston, turning left on Route 11 at Alton Bay. Signs are posted along the Fair route. Parking space is ample, and there is a host of tourist houses and cabins and summer hotels in the area.

The Fair is a "must" for the artist-craftsman; it is an exciting event for the consumer, who can find gifts and furnishings of all prices, and all periods and styles—from handcrafted pine furniture to baby gifts, from woven luncheon mats to jewelry. The tourist will find much to see, to admire and to carry home with him as visible and tangible evidence of a happy New Hampshire holiday.

In their basement studio, these potters prepare ceramics for Craftsman's Fair.





Honeymoon Row is lined with white-paneled cottages in woodland setting.

Fontana Village Provides Newly-weds Cottages for Two

A special street all their own, in a woodland setting, with the Great Smokies as a background, is the unique feature offered honeymooners at Fontana Village, N. C.

Called Honeymoon Row on Shuck-stack Road, this street with the storybook name is lined on both sides with white-paneled cottages, exclusively for honeymoon occupancy. Each cottage has a bedroom, sitting room and bath.

While Fontana Village is the largest resort in the Great Smokies, it manages to achieve a world's end atmosphere that has made it the mecca of hundreds of honeymooners. It lies off the beaten track, at the

end of a nine-mile stretch of scenic highway that follows the course of Little Tennessee River. This does not mean, however, that the place is inaccessible. On the contrary, it is within 24 hours of more than half the nation's population!

Fontana Village was originally built in 1942 for the employees of the Fontana Dam project. When the dam was completed, three years later, most of the inhabitants left. Shortly after, Government Services Inc., a private corporation with offices in Washington, D. C., saw the possibilities of the place as a resort and began a redevelopment program.

(continued on page 24)



Saddle horses are available to couples for moonlight rides and overnight packs.

As a result, more than 3,000,000 people from every state in the U.S., as well as residents from 54 foreign countries, have visited the Village since it was opened as a resort in 1946.

By the end of 1951, 500 couples, ranging in age from 16 to 80, had registered at the rentals office. Of the 280 furnished cottages in the Village, 20 are set aside exclusively for honeymooners.

A cottage for two, with housekeeping facilities, is \$8 a day. By the kind of arithmetic you learn at school, this would make a week's rental \$56. But they don't use this kind of arithmetic at Fontana Village. A week's rental comes to only \$43.

If you are lucky enough to spend a second week here, the daily rate is 50c cheaper than the daily rate for the first week. At the end of 14 days, the bill is only \$83, as against

\$112 by orthodox figuring.

Cottages are ultra modern in design. On the outside of some of the windows are flower-filled window boxes. Beyond can be seen the towering Smokies, shrouded in blue mist. Cottages are lighted and heated with electricity, have electric range and refrigerator, as well as a continuous supply of hot water. A daily supply of fresh towels supplements fresh bed linen. Every bed has a wool blanket. Since Fontana Village is at an altitude of 1,800 feet, blankets add to comfort, even in August.

All necessary cooking utensils are provided in housekeeping cottages, and pretty dishes are arranged in the cupboards. A fat pottery cookie jar may sit beside a flower pot with a growing plant on an open shelf. Furniture may be upholstered in rose, while draperies may be an attractive block pattern in blue, red and green.

Under the direction of a recreational director and a staff of hostesses, Fontana Village has a well-planned program of activities for everyone. The management is especially considerate of honeymooners, however, and has arranged a broad "twosome" program of outdoor diversions. These may range from the rugged sports of tennis and archery for the young honeymooners, to the less strenuous ones of horse-shoes and shuffleboard for those of more mellow years.

For those who like hiking, there are miles of picturesque, well-kept hiking trails that lead into the Smokies. In addition, there is the Appalachian Trail, world's longest marked path for foot travel. This

famous trail, which extends from Maine to Georgia, winds through the Village.

Saddle horses are available for moonlight rides and overnight packs into the mountains. The smooth surface of 30-mile Fontana Lake, two miles distant, lends itself to leisurely cruising, with the promise of steak fries and picnics for two on remote shores. This 400-foot-deep body of water abounds in bass, perch, crappie and bream, and is said to provide the best trout fishing in eastern United States. Bass weighing eight and nine pounds are common sights on Fontana dock. A prize is offered the couple who catches the largest fish of the season.

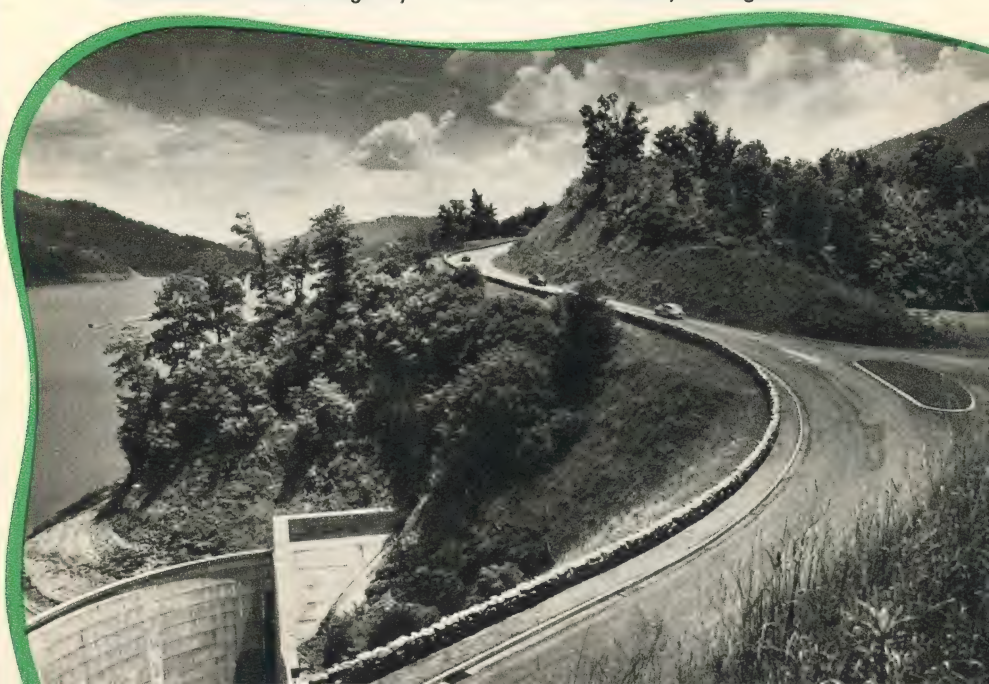
You are always on the receiving end when you honeymoon at Fon-

tana Village. Taking residence in Honeymoon Row automatically makes you a member of Honeymoon Club, said to be the only club of its kind among our country's resorts. When you honeymoon here, the Club keeps a record of your visit. Then, if you return for two successive years, you will be eligible for a fourth year's vacation free!

Truly, it pays to honeymoon at Fontana Village. If you consider going there, you can reach it from the north by way of Knoxville, Tenn., over U.S. 129; from the east through Nashville over U.S. 19, and then over 129; and if you motor from the south or west, you go to Murphy, N.C., over 19, thence to 129.

From there you take the nine-mile stretch of Fontana Highway, which leads to fun, romance and happiness.

It's nine miles from the highway to Fontana over this scenic, winding stretch.



An electric refrigerator can be used in candy making. Butter the ice cube tray and pour your fudge into it. The candy will harden almost immediately and there will be no cutting to do.

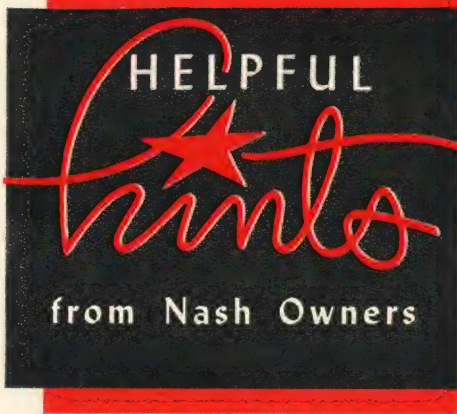
*Mrs. Nels Fjeldahl
Plaza, N. Dak.*

To give thread or cord a stiff tip for stringing beads, dip twisted end in clear nail polish. Let dry.

*Mrs. Byron Bowe
Owatonna, Minn.*

For an inexpensive shower gift you can make a package of a half dozen dust cloths, each one of a different shade—and tie them together with a bow.

*Mrs. R. G. Abrahams
Elmhurst, N. Y.*



HELPFUL
Hints
from Nash Owners

If your vegetable garden is near the walls of a shed or high fence, paint the surface white. More light and heat will be reflected; more rapid growth will be the result.

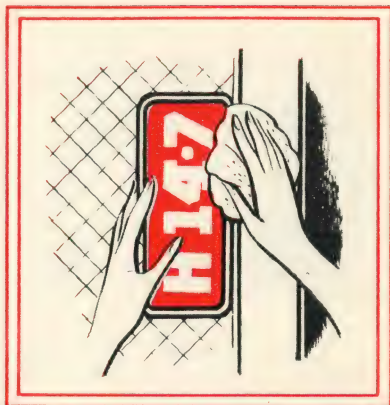
*Mrs. Eugene Chrisman
Scottsbluff, Nebr.*



NASH VENTSHADES AND COWL RAIN SHIELDS

Sun glare hazards are reduced when your car is equipped with NASH VENTSHADES that fit snugly over the top of the car windows. What's more, the stainless steel ventshades allow partially-opened windows when it is raining. Additional protection from the rain is provided in the rain shields (inset) that curve gracefully to fit the corner post.

If you have a favorite way of performing some ordinary household task, or have discovered a short-cut in the performance of some chore, send it along. Nash Airflyte Magazine will pay five dollars for each contribution published. None will be returned. Address all contributions to Nash Airflyte Magazine, 431 Howard Street, Detroit 31, Michigan.



Did you know that apple peelings will help clean your aluminum pots and pans? Just boil the apple peelings for a short time in your badly discolored aluminum pans and see how they will get bright again.

*Mrs. C. E. Shelton
Louisville, Ky.*

Empty clothes hangers take up so much space in our closets that I have built another bar across the closet about 12 inches above the present bar. This keeps the hangers handy and yet out of the way when not in use.

*William H. Segraves
Marshall, Texas*

Make a low fence for your flower beds from wire clothes hangers. Shape hangers into diamonds, straighten the hook and stick into the ground, each hanger overlapping slightly.

*Mrs. Ernest Miller
Lansing, Mich.*

When washing woodwork, protect the wallpaper by holding an old auto license plate or piece of cardboard along the edge of the woodwork as you go along. This will protect paper from sudsy splashes.

*Leslie K. Schultz
Cicero, Ill.*

An empty window-spray bottle, refilled with turpentine or kerosene, is useful in the home or shop. A few squirts will clean hands soiled with paint or grease.

*Stan Bjorklund
Loves Park, Ill.*



BAD RESTAURANT

SMILES

along the road

Share your smile with Nash Airflyte readers and be richer by five dollars. Nash Airflyte pays five dollars for each Smile Along the Road contributed by a reader and selected for publication. All contributions become the property of Nash Airflyte and none will be returned. Send your contribution along to Nash Airflyte Magazine, 431 Howard Street, Detroit 31, Michigan.

DEAD
END

BUSINESS
DISTRICT

HONEST

I spotted this sign in Basel while touring Switzerland last summer.

*Julius A. Hachtmann
Ventura, Calif.*

DESERVED

Seen in Albany, Calif.:

VICTOR LAUNDRY

To the Victor belong your soils!

*Mrs. Fred McHugh
Trinity Center, Calif.*

STUBBORN

While riding a Green Bay, Wis., bus, I noted this sign posted in the front of the vehicle:

Americans will go any place
in the world

EXCEPT to the rear of a bus.

*Fred M. Whitemarsh
Antigo, Wis.*

LOVE THOSE LOAFERS

Sidewalk sign at a book shop in French Quarter of New Orleans: We earn our living by the sweat of our customers' browse.

*Mrs. Louis de Stwolinska
Fort Scott, Kans.*

TOUGH ALL OVER

This sign is on one of the main streets of a prominent Florida city.

*O. E. Smith
Bradenton, Fla.*

QUESTION

I saw this sign in Nova Scotia:
IF you speed to an early grave,
WHAT will you do with the time
you save?

*Mrs. M. Adams
New Haven, Conn.*

LOGICAL

This sign was seen in a Missouri
bakery window:

Cakes 66c—Upside Down Cakes 99c

*Miss Barbara Patrick
Franklin, Mo.*

SOUTHERN ECONOMY

This sign was seen near North
Augusta, S. C.:

Try our easy payment plan.

100% DOWN

No future worries about payment.

*Ben LeFevre
Louisville, Ga.*

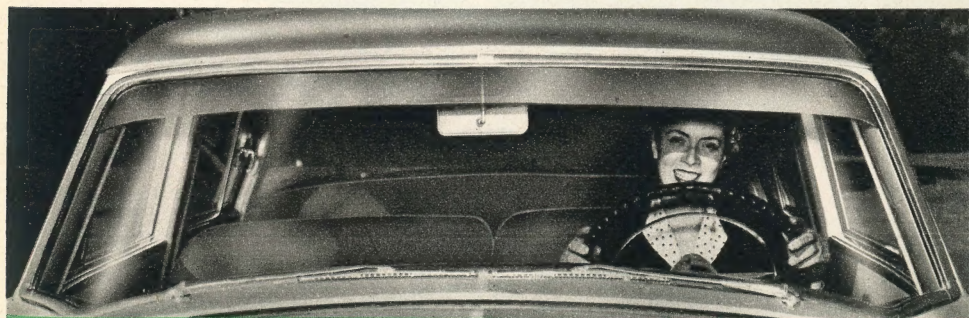
SIGN OF THE TIMES



Sign observed on a honeymoon
car:

Until Draft Do Us Part!

*Mrs. Neva Lacey
Vandalia, Mo.*



NASH OPTOSHADE

Don't let eye-strain—caused from squinting into the sun's rays—spoil your vacation travels. The NASH OPTOSHADE—which fits permanently against the upper surface of the windshield—will screen out annoying glares. You'll find the OPTOSHADE—which is an optically-corrected light filter of special plexiglass—a "must" for your driving comfort. Get yours today.



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- Light, Horn and Windshield Wiper Inspection
- Brake Inspection
- Tire Inspection
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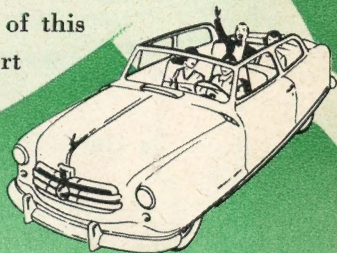
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long if all's not well with your car.
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